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The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
 Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
 Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
 Plod on, and each one chases as before
 His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee! —————



A Fragment.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
 Experience more than reason, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery; and hast known
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
 To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood,
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kinder calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Here thou wilt nothing find
 Of all that pain'd thee in the haunts of man,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
 But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
 To guilt. Hence in these shades we still behold
 The abodes of gladness, here from tree to tree
 And through the rustling branches flit the birds
 In wantonness of spirit;—theirs are strains
 Of no dissembled rapture—while below
 The squirrel with rais'd paws and form erect
 Chirps merrily. In the warm glade the throngs
 Of dancing insects sport in the mild beam
 That wak'd them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds the sun from the blue sky
 Peeps in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves
 And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll a causeway rude,

Or bridge the sunken stream, and their dark roots
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high
 Breathe fix'd tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips its bill in water.

Time and Pleasure.

WHILE Time's vast car with furious force,
 O'er Pleasure's fields its path pursued;
 She tried each art to stop his course,
 And thus rebuk'd, besought, and woo'd.

'How dar'st thou o'er my garden ride,
 'The haunt of beauty, youth, and love;
 'Thy iron wheels crush all its pride,
 'And fright the songsters from my grove.

'Look at the ruin thou hast made!
 'My Paradise is half defac'd;
 'Where thou hast pass'd 'tis all decay'd,
 'All leafless, desolate, and waste.

'These brilliant flow'rs before thee view,
 'Whose odours all the air perfume;
 'For pity do not crush them too;
 'Spare me these few, for thee they bloom.

'Stay then awhile, and rest thee now,
 'Here in my bow'r thy dwelling keep;
 'I'll twine my roses round thy brow,
 'And lull thee in my lap to sleep.

'See Love and Beauty kneeling there,
 'To beg, entreat thee to remain.
 'Shall Beauty breathe a fruitless prayer,
 'And winning Love implore in vain?

'Why thus mispend thy precious hours;
 'What whim impels thy wayward mind
 'To fly from Pleasure's couch of flow'rs,
 'And linger when on thorns reclin'd?